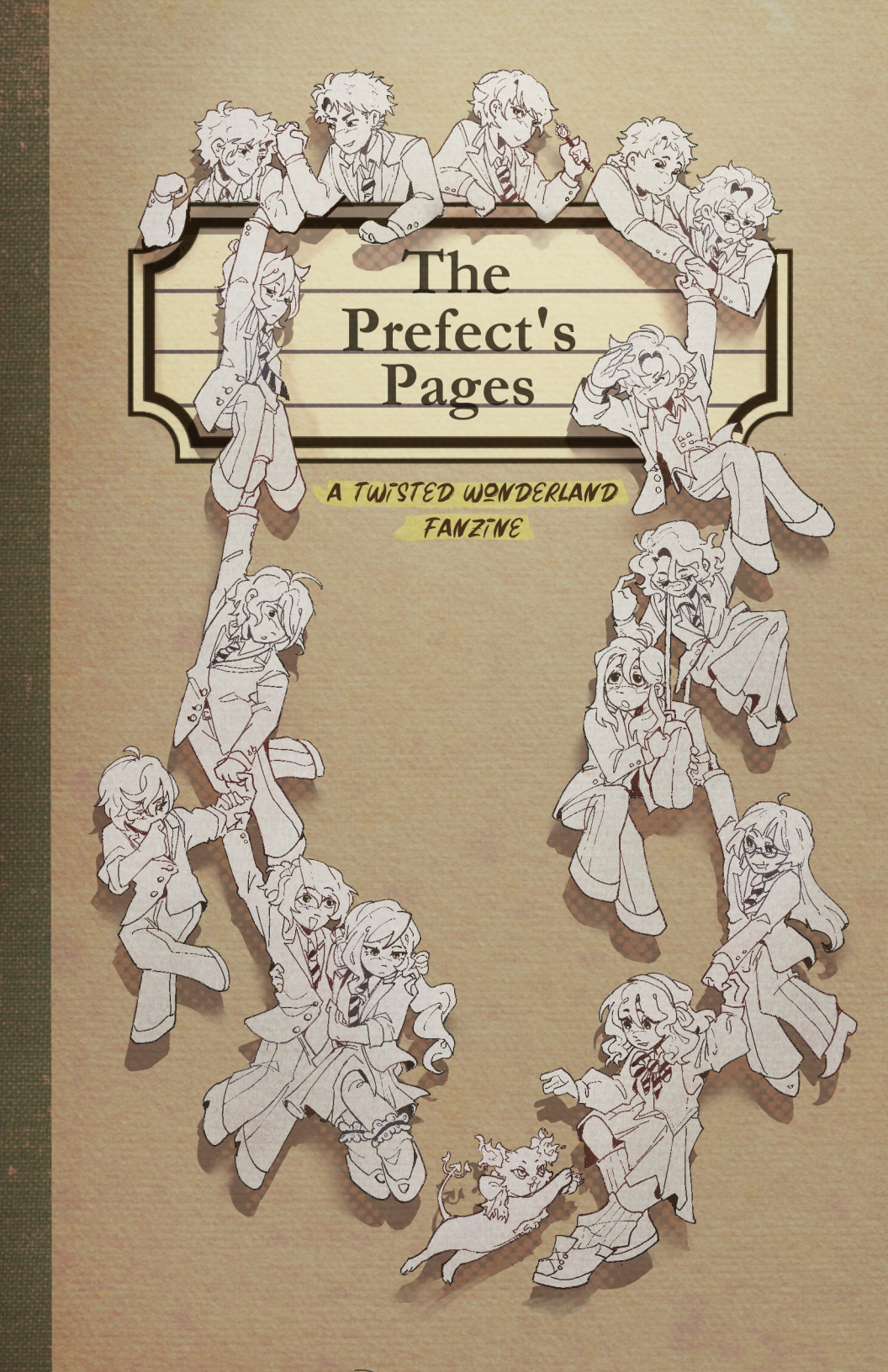

The Prefect's Pages
A TWISTED WONDERLAND FANZINE

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT!

When we started this, we initially thought this zine (our first ever zine!) would be a small 25-ish page project--not trivial, but still small in the grand scheme of things.

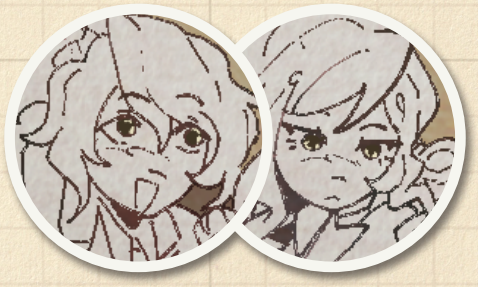
Sitting here a year later with a 60-page zine, including 4 folders of digital merch, we cannot express enough gratitude for our talented artists and writers for bringing so much love into this passion project. And of course, we are grateful to you, the reader, for choosing to download this zine and giving it your love as well. Happy reading, Prefect.

- The Prefect's Pages Mods

WHO'S WHO? YUU?

Yuuichi Kurokawa
[@tarobii]

Yuriy "Yura"
[@poltergeistpanda]

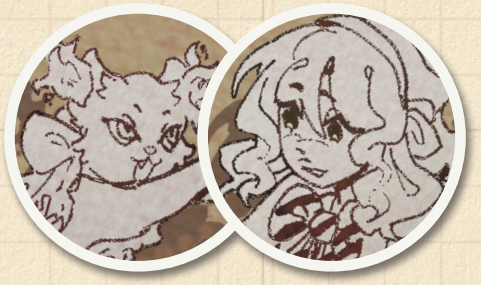


Yuito & Miyu Yoshino
[@LizZileth]

Yuuka Hirasaka
[@nettles]

Yuugo
[@kityeeee]

Yuu Kaneko
[@rainbow.cheshire]



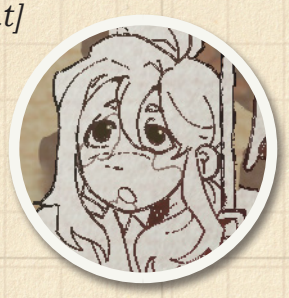
Sabi Yuuka Sonnenblume
[@rainbowekitty] + [@veevz]

Yuu Nishimura
[@TimeSlime]

Eli
[@sugartealeafs]

Yuuri
[@thislittlekumquat]

Yumi Shinohara
[@heartscrypt]



Fox
[@grumpyhyu]

BANG
Tarobii
TAROBII

To Whom It May Concern

Writer: Panda [PoltergeistPanda]

Crowley,

I don't know why you oh so desperately wanted this blasted thing when we **both** know that no one will come in for the kid for the parent - teacher meeting, considering that he's from another world entirely, but here. Now you have that observation report you've been harassing me about for the last month.

If you don't read this, so help me the great seven, I'm telling Vargas just who stole his last pudding from the staff room fridge.

Do **not** test me.

With Regards,

Divus Crewel

OBSERVATIONAL REPORT OF

CLASS: 1A STUDENT: YUU

BORN:

Unknown*

DATE OF REPORT:

May 15th , XXXX

TEACHER IN CHARGE:

Divus Crewel

SUBJECT OF OBSERVATION:

Yuu, Class 1A, human

* because no one ever bothered to ask the kid, also possible difficulties between different calendars, so we are using the closest date we could figure out.

They did a small late celebration for him last week and I was invited. It was … an adequate celebration, courtesy of the child.

And where exactly do you expect me to add his NON-MAGICAL status on this sheet, Crowley?

ENGAGEMENT IN CLASS:

Yuu appears to be a highly interested student in the subjects offered at school. He is smart, as well as a quick thinker, and he shares his opinion in class with little reservation. Yuu asks for help when the need arises, or when he is simply lacking the necessary knowledge by virtue of his non-magical status and outer world origin. He is still capable of critical thinking and reflective thought, which makes him tolerable in terms of discussion and revision in class.

I had words with several teachers. Frankly, Yuu is a delight in class. Vargas has to encourage him from time to time and any and all sports with magic are sadly out of his reach, but he tries his best in most subjects.

Madam Aztec has told me that when he occasionally brings people over to the infirmary, he is nothing but polite and likes to ask about the healing spells and potionology behind her work.

Sam also praises Yuu's willingness to learn. The only subjects he seems to avoid are those steeped in magic and emotion like divination, which I can absolutely get behind.

That blasted fool of a divination teacher is an arrogant, holier-than-thou fraud if I have ever seen one and a tool when it comes to the art of reading the stars and fates. Please get your head out of the gutter and actually visit his class. I would appreciate if that self-absorbed creature lost either his job or his reputation.

He made them read tea leaves last week. **TEA LEAVES.** The kids kept trailing that cheap Darjeeling all over my lab for days.

Social Capabilities:

Polite, social and well-versed in basic social structure, Yuu has shown himself to be a positive addition to the class. He is capable of working in several different kinds of groups in class, allows cooperation and compromise, and shows a friendly, open-minded demeanour. However, he is also sometimes quite the trouble-maker when around the wrong people.

I would like to point out the Chandelier Incident at the start of the year or, I don't know, the suspicious line of Overblot Incidents this year. Don't think I haven't noticed, Crowley. I'm overworked, not stupid. Also, there was a situation in the cafeteria last month that I **HOPE** you looked into which had something to do with the cat, Kingscholar, and a food fight?

He appeared quite shy at the beginning of the year, but has since settled nicely into his role in class, especially after he found his core group. He still seems to be able to traverse quite a number of different social circles that allow him to form a remarkable network of support.

So what's this I hear about a ward of the school working part time to make ends meet? Crowley, did you forget to secure his living situation here? Crowley, if the rumours prove true and one of our students is starving because you were thoughtless again, I will sic the board on your hat.

On another note, he's apparently friends with Ashengrotto and at least one of the Leech twins likes him enough to invite Yuu on hikes. Make of that what you will.

So I just witnessed the little human kid tease **one of the most powerful magical creatures** on the continent. When were you planning to tell me that Yuu and Draconia are close enough that Yuu gets away with calling the Fae Prince of Thorn Valley "Hornton" and, oh dear Queen, please, "Horny" on one memorable occasion?

Crowley, just you wait until I get my hands around your neck. You owe me a drink for the amount of heart attacks I got from writing this report alone.

Scratch that, you owe me a raise and more vacation days. Remind me to take that to the school board.

Social Capabilities (cont.):

As of right now, Yuu seems to show no interest in a permanent stay in one of the various clubs we offer, but I have seen him lend a helping hand whenever needed with courtesy and competence, which makes him well liked in the student body. On another note, he has shown remarkable ability in leading a group through adversity.

I will have words with you about those Overblot Incidents, Dire. Mark my words.

Competence Development:

Yuu is self-sufficient in theoretical matters and shows a remarkable ability to apply these theories in his daily life, despite his lack of magical power. He is capable of self-reflection, brilliant in explaining his thought process to his peers and helping them identify their problems in the coursework. He finishes his coursework on time, cleanly and completely and is perfectly capable of using the appropriate terminology in his work.*

* if you can ignore the various pawprints all over the pages because that cat is apparently incapable of staying off the tables as it should. If I see it on one of my lab tables one more time, I will make it into an ingredient for a magic potion and feed it to the kid.

I do have to add here that he appears stubborn and driven in his studies, if not reckless at times.

Caught him and Vanrouge's ward sleeping in the library a few times. Draconia was kind enough to transport them both to their respective dorms. He also mentioned that Yuu is part of a few study groups because he is "surprisingly good at explaining things he should have no understanding of", which, where does he take the time from?

End Notes:

Yuu is a remarkable and well connected student who shows great potential in the theoretical field. If given the appropriate support in terms of encouragement and curbing his impulsive streak and tendency to overwork himself, he could be quite capable of building a very bright future. We as his educators need to keep an eye on his living situation, which means that I will be visiting the child at his dorm and checking whether he has the necessary requirements to achieve said potential.

Let me translate this for you, Dire:

If Yuu doesn't have plumbing in that goddamned shack by the time I come visit, I am paying for it myself and then taking it out of your hide, have I made myself clear? And we WILL talk about a stipend for him, so he doesn't have to work shifts in two places to put food on the table. That child is my student and I will make sure he has everything he needs to thrive.

Dear Queen, I do not want to do the cat next.

OBSERVATIONAL REPORT OF

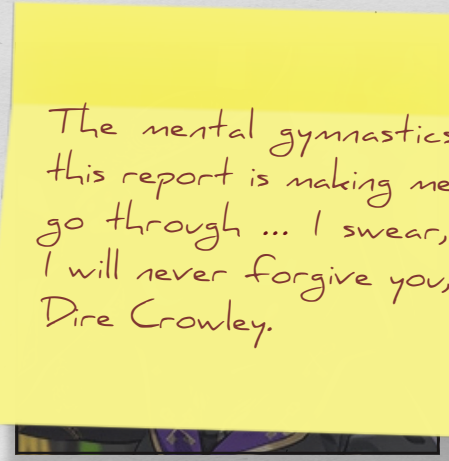
Class: 1A Student: Grim

Born:
Unknown

Date of Report:
May 15th , XXXX

Teacher in Charge:
Divus Crewel

Subject of Observation:
Grim, Class 1A, monster
Companion of Student Yuu, Class 1A



The mental gymnastics this report is making me go through ... I swear, I will never forgive you, Dire Crowley.

Engagement in Class:

Grim tries his best to keep up with studies, despite his irregular states of alertness and penchant for distraction.

And by that, I mean, he keeps driving his whole row to distraction with his antics. I am one blown up cauldron away from separating Yuu from the cat or just throwing that little monster out of my lab entirely. The disruptions are ... memorable. You still owe me a new herb shelf. And new herbs. I am still mourning my ginseng.

He shows remarkable talent in potionology, especially concerning explosives or fire. He also has a rudimentary level of control over his magic.

Which he barely manages to control. He is utterly driven by emotion and it shows in singed uniforms and loud, poorly timed outbursts. And I don't care that Trein thinks it's charming, I'm the one with the highly flammable materials here and I would like for him to get Remedial Magical Control Classes. Now. Get the fraud to do it, for all I care, but please do something.

When interested, the cat is capable of incredible feats of magic and insight, showing a remarkable ability to comprehend concepts and willingness to discuss in class and with his peers.

Social Capabilities:

Rude, brash, incorrigible, loud ... I can go on.

Just like Yuu, Grim shows an impressive ability to network and make connections in the most unlikely of places. As contrary as he is to his partner, they appear to balance each other quite well, as Grim has the necessary courage to speak out whereas Yuu tends to put things in a more polite tone.

As expected, Grim is demanding and direct, which can be both a boon and a flaw depending on the situation.

It's great when he is using it to help his friends. It's utterly out of place in my classroom or when waiting in line at lunch. He tends to entertain the whole room and then some. I have decided to take my lunches in my office these days, so if you need me, I will be there instead of the cafeteria.

Social Capabilities (cont.):

At the beginning of the school year, Grim was quite selfish in his decision making and appeared to show very little empathy towards his surroundings and peers. In that regard, he has made an incredible jump forward towards a more humane approach to handling his peers and teachers. This gave him a more secure place in the student body, placing him in several friend circles, although he seems to prefer Yuu's company over all others.

Thank the seven for that. Yuu is everyone's walking impulse control these days. We are in desperate need of a competent school counselor-- which means actually paying money for one and no, Dire, you will not skimp on that. As for the cat, he has gotten less annoying, but I still worry for my lab and our school's safety, so please see to it that those Remedial Classes actually happen.

Competence Development:

While Grim appears to be utterly resistant to criticism and learning, he is still studious in his own way, developing his own solutions to problems.

Brute-forcing everything is not the most elegant solution, but it has worked for him so far. At the expense of my lab.

He also shows a rare skill of instinctively grasping concepts of magic and utilising them without the need to grasp the fundamental theoretical knowledge behind it.

Let me translate this for you, Dire: He has no idea what he is doing but it somehow works. The cat is either a genius or a rare breed of lucky. "I just felt the magic" is NOT theoretical knowledge.

As for his cognitive and physical abilities, the floating might be a skill belonging to his nature as a monster. The lack of opposable thumbs makes certain channeling items unusable for him, but Grim and Yuu have found several solutions to that problem.

Yuu holds it and Grim casts the spellwork. According to Trein it's quite ... adorable, but honestly, I just see a fire-hazard in the making.

End Notes:

Grim has the necessary capabilities to be a self-sufficient mage, if not for the nature of his being and the corresponding doubts still lingering inside the school. As we have decided to accept a monster into the school as a student, the responsibility of taking care of it falls to us teachers and the headmaster. Which means the same for him as it does for Yuu: he needs to be taken care of and kept an eye on.

Dire Crowley, if you do not resolve their situation, I **WILL** find a way to take this to the school board and there will be **hell** to pay.

The cat is a danger to the school not because it is a monster, but because I have needed to renovate my lab **seven times** this year alone and I know for a fact that a certain someone used the whole school renovation budget for a new chandelier in his office. Just because I can fix it with magic a few times does not mean that I should or that it won't wear off eventually. I cannot have the kids buried under rubble just because you're too cheap to do something about it.

Signed,

Divus Crewel

Prefect's Club Report

Writer: Kit [kittyeee]

"Ortho told me you're going to visit other clubs this week, Yuu."

"Yup! Just the headmaster telling me to check on them for him. Or, sorry, 'broaden my horizons and strengthen the bond between everyone'. Don't worry Vil, I'll be back before you even know it."

"Simply don't be late for the filming at the coliseum."

"Don't worry, I won't!~"

"Oh, and do be a dear, remind Epel about his posture when you see him. Fairest knows the reminder is needed, regardless of time or place."

"Pfft, okay, Vil. Will do."

DAY 3 OF CHECKING ON CLUBS FOR CROWLEY

- why am I doing this again?
- right... the heating...
- another day where I question my very being.

I wonder if I can just get Vil to change it for me... eh. nevermind

today's clubs to check

~~basketball~~, spelldrive, track and field + pop music

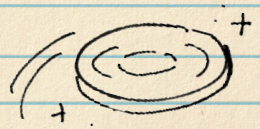
- change of plans, we're going to check out pop music now
  - ☆ Jamil informed me Floyd broke the basketball hoops.
  - ☆ practice is now cancelled.
  - ☆ sooooo nevermind.

pop music

- how DO clubs work in twisted wonderland??
  - ☆ pop music, mountain lovers and gargoyle studies do not have the minimum required members
  - ☆ they'd definitely get shut down back home...
- Cater was busy with another unbirthday in Heartslabyul
  - ☆ busy busy boy
- so there was only Lilia and Kalim
- they have great snacks! :>
  - ☆ to be expected honestly
  - ☆ Kalim is there after all
  - ☆ though I would've thought Lilia's cooking would cancel it out...
- the pop music club doesn't seem to do much... music... huh
- I kinda just sat there chatting over snacks for the majority of my time
- Lilia remembered they were a *music club* halfway through Kalim sharing some plans for the next Scarabia party

- next thing I knew I got dragged into playing the keyboard for them
  - ☆ reminds me of home
  - ☆ I wonder how my siblings are doing...
- had a ton of fun playing with them
- but I get a feeling they're not filling out club activity quotas
  - ☆ do they even have any quotas
  - ☆ or requirements???
- eh, I won't tell Crowley
  - ★ potential place to hide from Crowley next time?

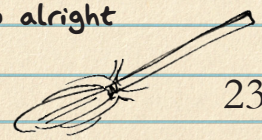
spelldrive



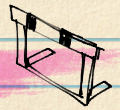
- chaotic
- then again everyone is zooming around in the air while tossing magic at each other
  - ☆ expected in hindsight
- and somehow Leona was sleeping through it all
  - ☆ figures
- oh Vil asked me to remind Epel to straighten up his posture more
- lil man didn't seem too happy about the message
- he told me it wasn't "aerodynamic" for his flying
- lil man makes a good point...

- though Ruggie overheard and he disagreed :/
- the two of them got into a ...*passionate*... discussion over whether posture had any bearing on spelldrive
- I think Ruggie might've failed his science classes
- I mean his main argument was that the players could simply spell away the air resistance which...
  - ☆ fair enough
- but Epel argued that most professional Spelldrive players don't spell away the air resistance cuz it's an inefficient use of their magic
  - ☆ never occurred to me that there'd be strategy with their magic usage as well
  - ☆ hmmm I guess magic is kinda like a second stamina bar for them?
- well in the middle of this lovely discussion someone failed to catch their spelldrive disc.
- I was almost knocked out.
  - ☆ again

- thank the seven that Epel noticed it hurtling towards my poor defenseless head and caught it
- way to go, lil man
- Ruggie said something about his training paying off on my way out
- I'm sure Vil would love to hear about this but I think Rook's way ahead of me to tell him
- spelldrive club is spelldrive club alright



☆ what even am I supposed to write in this report...?

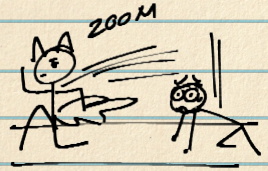


track and field

- same as Cater, Deuce was out of the club cuz he was busy
  - ☆ I should ask Riddle for an invite
  - ☆ wonder if Trey is baking that cake that I suggested...

- Jack was there though
- he seemed very happy to see me :D
  - ☆ well not his face
  - ☆ his tail on the other hand...

- apparently there's a friendly track meet with RSA soon
  - ☆ "friendly"
- sooo the club members were training for that
- seems productive enough
- Jack challenged me to a race with him...
- I told him I'm just a weak lil fella but uh
- that bluff kinda falls flat when you fight overblots and deal with the general student body's... everything I guess
- anyways
  - ★ DO NOT CHALLENGE BEASTMEN TO RACES. OR ANY SORT OF PHYSICAL CHALLENGE FOR THAT MATTER.



- I owe Jack lunch now
- maybe I could grab some food from the unbirthday party and give it to him?
- would he like that??
- problem for future me!

- so that has been today's club evaluation
  - ☆ was this actually a club evaluation?
- basketball club is moved to uhhhhh
- whenever they fix the hoop
- tomorrow is gargoyles and mountains though
- can't wait

WAIT I STILL NEED TO WRITE AN ACTUAL REPORT...

NRC

@yuu_kaneko
THE PREFECT'S PAGES

The Queen's Crossword

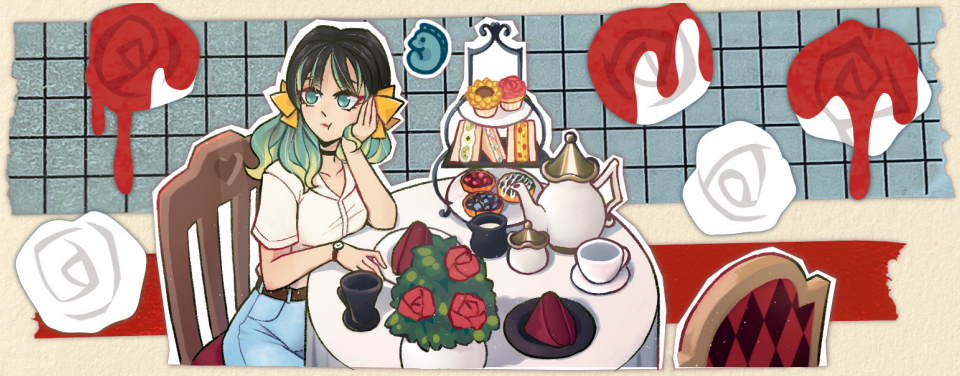
Illustrator: Veevz [veevz]
Writer: Kitty [RainboweKitty]

Perhaps perfection is attainable.

That is the thought that trickles into [Yuu]'s mind, warmer than melted honey, when she sees the tiny table. Set in the thick of the Rose Maze with a multi-layered platter of goodies, fresh tea, and a pair of plates with napkins folded hotel-style on top, how could she call it anything less than perfect? There's only one thing missing from the scene.

The host. Heartslabyul's dorm leader.

I wonder what he's up to…



"Laws of the Queen of Hearts, number 648," Riddle bellows from behind both Ace and Deuce, who're sat at a long, wooden table with a heavily marked worksheet laid between the two of them. Neither freshman spares the other a glance, but despite being frozen in place, their brains practically sync together.

How'd things end up like this again?

It was Trey's idea, twisted by Cater's influence, as the students of Heartslabyul will recall. A way for Riddle to "lighten up" (according to Trey), and to teach the Queen's rules in a way that was fresh, fun, and most importantly, "totes 'cammable!" (according to Cater)—a crossword puzzle, penned by Riddle and distributed throughout the dorm for completion.

Thus, a schedule was born.

Over the course of a week, multiple meetings were to be held in Heartslabyul's lounge directly after clubs concluded, with groups alternating day by day to prevent time waste and overcrowding. The rest was simple—show up to your designated time slot, complete the crossword, then allow Riddle to check over it. After achieving a perfect score, you were free to go.

Oh, and one more thing.

Everyone was allowed the luxury of working in pairs.

Perhaps it was inevitable—in the cards, even—for Ace and Deuce to acquire their dorm leader's wrath over something so simple (granted law 648 *was* simple, whatever it is). Mistakenly using blue ink on a day when only red was permissible, or vice versa, maybe? Misspelling a word so egregiously that it twisted into *illegality?* Who, besides Riddle, could really say?

That didn't mean they had to take it lying down, though.

"Alright, get on with it," Ace leans back in his seat, letting his eyes roll while Deuce stares at him in absolute horror for speaking so crudely to their dorm leader. Riddle, however, doesn't raise a hand to cast any spells—only a furrowed brow, leveled with confusion.

"Are you sure you wish to be graded so soon?" He inquires, vaguely motioning to the blanks on their crossword.

"You still have several spaces left to fill in. If I review your work now, you absolutely won't receive a perfect score."

"Well duh," Ace retorts, oblivious to the way Riddle's lip twitches at his flippant response before whipping around in his seat to face the redhead. "We're obviously not done yet. I'm asking what *oh so dire* an infraction we've committed to get your tarts in a twist this time."

"I-I think what Ace means to say is, uh—" Deuce twists around, fumbling even the eye contact he tries so hard to maintain as his gaze falls to the pen he's currently fidgeting with.

"Weren't you, um… Weren't you about to collar us, sir?"

Peering upwards through blue bangs, uncertainty taints his aqua eyes, stabbing right through Riddle like a long, glass needle before breaking off inside him.

"What?" He whispers, frowning to himself. He wasn't *trying* to be intimidating. He isn't even angry. So then why did they think he'd…?

"No matter," he straightens up, choosing to explain rather than winding himself up over teapots and ink blots. "Everyone else in your group has already been dismissed. I merely came over to check your progress and offer assistance."

Once again, the duo's brains meld into a singular thought.

Oh…

Whether they feel bad, dumb, or embarrassed, the silence they share is deafening.

Until Ace clears his throat. "...Soooo, like, why didn't you just lead with that? Why sneak up behind us like some kinda cliche movie villain?"

"A-and what about the rule you mentioned?" Deuce interjects nervously. "We didn't break it, right?"

Riddle sighs, shoulders threatening to slump. "You're stuck on seven across, yes? Laws of the Queen of Hearts, number 648. That was a hint."

Once again, it's silent—almost silent enough to hear the hedgehogs chittering away in the Rose Maze.

Ohhhh…

"Now that I'm looking at it more closely, actually…" Riddle's brows pinch together as he leans over the table, muttering his findings to himself. "*Earl gray* for 6 down? *Tarts* for 8 across…? No, that's not right. What does that say?"

He squints. "Errm…um? What in the Queen's name is *urmum?*"

Before the duo can stop him, he's lifting the paper, the slight crinkling of it more poignant than a death sentence.

"YOUR MUM?!" He exclaims in bold realization (thanks a lot, Cater). "Have either of you been taking this seriously? *AT ALL?!*"

"I-I have!" Deuce sputters. "S-sir…!"

"How serious can you be when you don't know half of the answers?" Ace snickers under his breath.

"Shut up," Deuce hisses, elbowing the boy sharply in the ribs.

"Ow!" Ace grits his teeth, rubbing at his side before shooting Deuce a wicked grin. "Once a delinquent, always a delinquent, amirite?"

"'Least my elbows aren't bony enough to be classified as a shank."

"Okay, listen here you—"

The two bicker back and forth like that while Riddle reviews their work (he's not mad, just mildly disappointed), eventually reining in their shenanigans with nothing more than a word.

"Boys!"

"Y-yes, dorm leader!"

He sighs. "This simply won't do."

Sweating, the duo await their verdict with bated breath.

"Therefore, I've decided that…"

Preparing to part with their magic, both steel themselves for the inevitable, card soldier fate of—

Riddle taking a seat at the table right next to theirs?

"A remedial lesson is in order!" He states, setting the paper down and removing the cap from his magical pen for corrections. "We'll review it together, so gather around. Pull up a chair if you must, and be quick about it. We haven't got all evening."

Utterly speechless, Ace and Deuce merely stare at each other, mirroring the relief and disbelief reflected in one another's faces before promptly getting a move on.

Not even ten minutes later, the double doors to Heartslaybul's common room bustle open.

"*There* you guys are!" A voice calls, presumably to Ace and Deuce exclusively, seeing as Riddle can't be seen from the entryway in his current seat. He arranged the furniture this way on purpose when he took up the position of dorm leader, catching many unassuming trouble-makers boastfully admitting their transgressions aloud, none the wiser to the collaring they were about to receive as penance.

Yet, as the owner of that voice registers in Riddle's head, he can't help but feel as though *he's* the one that'll be receiving a scolding this time around.

"Hey, [Yuu]!" Deuce greets with a friendly wave.

"[Yuu]! Wassup?" Ace adds with his signature smile.

"Have either of you seen Riddle?" She asks, approaching rapidly enough to miss the odd, knowing look that Ace and Deuce exchange with one another. "It's not like him to be late. It's even less like him not to even—"

Finally, the inhabitant of the big cushy chair Ace and Deuce remain propped up against comes into [Yuu]'s view.

"...show up," she finishes, as Riddle meets her eye rather sheepishly.

Opportunistic as always, Ace takes this as his cue to leave. Grabbing Deuce by the wrist (he'll thank him later), Ace drags the boy along in order to save him from the embarrassment (and to perhaps put Deuce in his debt) when Riddle's head snaps in their direction, causing Ace's fight or flight response to kick in with more horsepower than a revved up blastcycle.

"Where do you two think you're off to?" Riddle inquires.

"W-well, y'see…" Ace fidgets, forcing a cheery attitude. "Deucey and I thought you two might need a minute, so we were just gonna mosey on over to that corner over there to study something else for a bit. Isn't that right, Deuce?"

"Huh?" Deuce blurts, eyes blown wide, and Ace has to stifle the urge to kick him in the shin. "U-uh, yeah! Studying! Over there!"

"Uh huh. *Over there,"* Ace repeats, giving Deuce the nastiest side eye he can manage without tipping Riddle off. "So you two take your time."

"Hm," [Yuu] hums, and Ace pauses. "Sounds like an excuse to me."

"I concur," Riddle agrees. *Ugh, are he and [Yuu] smirking?!*

"I don't mind joining in on your little study session," [Yuu] offers. "Though I already completed *my* crossword earlier in the week, I could always use a refresher." And now she's gloating. *This little—*

But Riddle allows it, so long as [Yuu] truly doesn't mind. Subsequently, Ace imagines exploding the both of them with his mind.

Aside from that, however, the rest of the study session goes rather smoothly. Ace and Deuce finish their assignment with a … *more or less* improved understanding of the rules, Riddle and [Yuu] get to have their tea party for two as the sun sets over Sage's Island, and Cater snags some 'cammalicious content for Magicam! (Wait, what? When did Cater get here?)

THE END.

(No, seriously. Wasn't Cater only mentioned, like, twice in this story?)

THE END.

(Come on, not even to be continued? You can't just say the end while leaving such a big plot h—)

THE END.

(Okay, fine, fine! The end…)

"Ah, Cater. What're you doing out and about so late at night?"

"I could say the same to you, mister vice dorm leader~!"

"Yeah, I guess you could," Trey chuckles, shyly glancing down only to catch something in Cater's hands. "Are those… polaroids?"

"Yeppers!" Cater chirps. "Good eye!" He shoots Trey a quick wink before flipping through the thin stack of photographs, paying Trey no mind until… "This one's my all time fave out of the ones I took for [Yuu] today! Kind of a shame I have to part with it, but it's not like I'd post it to Magicam anyways, so it's whatevs."

"[Yuu], huh?" Trey mutters to himself, carefully taking the photo from Cater to get a better look.

It depicts [Yuu], Riddle, Ace, and Deuce gathered around an exceedingly small table as they pore over a crossword together.

"I can see why you like it, but… why the sudden interest in polaroids?"

"Oh, [Yuu] has a scrapbook, so I offered to take some more natural shots for her collection!"

"Knowing you, that offer didn't come for free," Trey speculates. "Did you ask for gossip in exchange?"

"Maaaaaybe…" Cater pouts, pressing the tips of his fingers together before dropping his hands to his sides with a huff.

"Come on, is it so hard to believe I did it out of the kindness of my heart?"

Pushing up his glasses, Trey smiles. "...No comment."

"Boooooo!" Cater heckles, cupping his hands around his mouth to add a megaphone-like effect to his voice.

Trey finds it humorous enough on its own, but he cherishes the beat of silence that Cater allows them thereafter. It's a good thing, knowing that Cater trusts him enough to let that bubbly exterior deflate, if only some.

In return, Trey allows Cater to break that silence whenever he'd like. Hours, minutes—

"You know, you still didn't tell me what you were doing out so late," Cater mentions mere seconds later.

"Oh, right." Trey digs around for something in his pocket. "I was asked to deliver this."

"Mmmmmmmmm?" Cater leans in, interest piqued as Trey reveals a petite red envelope. "Well, it's obvs from Riddle. I mean, who else uses wax seals these days? What I'm more curious about, though…" he lowers his voice. "Is who it's addressed to."

Without a sound, Trey mouths the name.

"[Yuu]?!" Cater quietly exclaims.

Trey brings his index finger up to his lips. "Shhhh."

"Sorry, sorry!" He's not sorry. "Did Riddle tell you the letter's contents?"

"Yeah, it's…"

Inexplicably, Trey's answer gets clipped by a yawn. Meanwhile, Cater's wide awake, but if the work of a dorm leader is said to never end, then the work of a vice dorm leader might just follow them after graduation. Queen knows Trey's will.

"Want me to deliver it for you?" Cater offers. "Since we're going to the same place and all. Who knows! If we both show up, [Yuu] might think she's getting kicked outta the dorm! The only reason Riddle sent you is 'cause his bedtime is lame o' clock. But you're tired too, aren't you? Wouldn't it be more efficient this way?"

"...You just want to peep the letter, don't you?"

"Uh, no!" Cater denies. "Maybe if it were early enough in the day to melt some gold wax and borrow Riddle's stamper, but in the middle of the night, Trey? When it'd be impossible to cover my tracks without potentially waking the tiny beast? Are you even thinking this through?!"

"Seems I don't have to," Trey smiles lazily. "Because you just did it for me."

"Treeeeeeeey, I mean it!" Cater whines. "You know I couldn't do an impromptu unboxing right now if I tried… Sooooo, I'm gonna need all the deets about it from you tomorrow morning!"

With a distracting pat to the shoulder, Cater seizes the opportunity to swipe the letter out of Trey's hand. "Nighty niiiiiiight~!" He sing-songs, slowly becoming one with the hallway's wallpaper.

The next morning, [Yuu] finds that a letter's been slid beneath her door. The sender has made himself quite obvious with the use of a deep red envelope, the golden seal pressed to the flap, and the rose motif stamped deeply into the wax. It almost feels too pretty to open—something straight out of a dream.

She nearly pinches herself at the thought before a more logical conclusion reaches her.

Perhaps she was never the recipient.

Mulling it over in her head, that possibility seems all too likely. Nevertheless, curiosity gets the better of her. Just a peek, she tells herself. So that you'll know who to pass it onto.

"I won't even read it," she promises to herself, unfolding the paper just enough to spot the delicate, cursive loops of a name. She's stunned to see that the familiar handwriting curls perfectly into the formation of her name.

Dear Sabi,

I'd like to apologize for all that went wrong yesterday. That tea party was the perfect grounds to make amends; for all the trouble my overblot caused you, as well as the gratitude I feel that it didn't turn you away.

When I think of some of the past friendships you've mentioned to me, only to reveal that they ended in catastrophe, I can't help but want to be better, so long as you keep allowing me the chance to try. Mark my words, one day I will get it right.

I'll admit, I intended for yesterday to be absolutely perfect. Nonetheless, I'm not so sure I'd change it even if I could. Thank you for reminding me that mistakes are nothing more than new opportunities to grow, and thank you for staying by my side.

Sincerely,
Riddle Rosehearts.

You've Got a Friend in Rook

Writer: Vic [thislittlekumquat]

My dear Trickster,

Thank you for placing your trust in me - I am honored and it would be my absolute pleasure to help you in your research about the types of magic users attending our illustrious school. I am, as you are aware, quite observant.

For example, I have noticed you giving certain students a wide berth. Out of what emotion, I could not say, though I have my suspicions. Oh, it pains me to think of you suffering in such a way. You and Monsieur Hirsute look too peckish. Eat in peace in the cafeteria, for you have nothing to fear - I will make sure of it.

I shall come to dine with you this coming Thursday - think about your first request, and I will be happy to oblige.

Au revoir, but only for now, mon petit!

Rook

Mon gentil Trickster,

It was good to catch up over lunch, and I was deeply gratified to see you looking more, shall we say, bien nourri than last we met. Bon!

You asked me about Floyd Leech, one of the intriguing twins of Octavinelle House. Monsieur Malfeasant is un cas captivant - you're right to be curious! I find myself wishing desperately to see him in his mer-form. I hear that the sight of predatorial mer-folk swimming in their native waters is a thing of la vraie beauté. Our particular prey is un modèle of his species: quite energetic, though I doubt he would see it that way, and always swimming along the sea floor, looking for other fish to gobble up. The beauty of such tenacity is a subtle one, which I find myself drawn to.

Now, as to his magic. I must confess myself wholly ignorant of the magic mer-folk use to transform for life on dry land. Nothing I have observed indicates whether it's high-quality, straightforward transformation magic, or something else entirely.

My suggestion is that you ask him!

He would be most refreshing to play with if his attention is engaged; he only becomes dangerous if you ask him to do that which bores him. You may have noticed how he is liable to take up any challenge if it interests him, but he will drop it just as suddenly if the opposite becomes true.

Let me know if this approach bears any fruit, for I am sure that if it does, such knowledge will be most beautiful indeed!

Until your next missive,
Rook

My most engaging Trickster,

What a perfect idea to engage Monsieur Malfeasant's attention with tricks of swordplay from your homeland! What a pity he was bored too quickly to offer you much practical information about his own magic in return. I saw the entire display and was myself very interested in what I saw. Won't you give me another demonstration sometime soon?

You did not tell me that you have actually seen his mer-form. I am simply shivering with jealousy; you must tell me everything! En échange, I have some information for you about our very own Roi des Lions. I need no further observation to share what I know, but I will happily go to draw from the rejuvenating font that his person becomes for my weary eyes. Though he presents the appearance of being rather paresseuse and uninterested in what goes on around him, the reality is that he works quite hard to put up the beau facade we see every day. He has, I suspect, gone through many pains that he prefers to keep hidden neatly away.

However, you are merely after a bit of harmless knowledge. Might I recommend bowing to him as the royalty that he is? Seek out Monsieur Dandelion and offer to bring the Roi des Lions his dinner. You may have more luck in idle conversation than many, myself included, have managed thus far.

Au revoir, and bonne chance!
I await further instructions.
Rook

My loquacious Trickster,

My, what social prowess you displayed in learning so much from Roi des Lions himself! I have not heard him talk about himself so openly before, and I hung on every word of your last letter like a lien vital in stormy seas. I am terribly interested to learn that his scar is magically inflicted; it seemed odd to me that such a wound could not have been healed more effectively by the magical doctors I am sure his family employs. Perhaps if he continues to speak with you, you may discover that he has connections to share with mages of the esoteric, or some other such boon. Such individuals may very well know where your homeland is.

Now, you asked me about Sebek Zigvolt of Diasomnia House. I confess myself rather surprised that you find him so unapproachable. Let me ask you something. Have you ever played with un chiot o un chaton which, when it wants to express itself, has no language but the loudest noises it can muster?

This is the most apt metaphor I can find for our adorable Monsieur Crocodile. His volume should not be confused with ill intent or ability to do harm in a school setting such as ours. He is, however, perhaps the single most ideal candidate at hand to ask questions about magic that may help you. You must simply ask him about the one topic which he cannot fail to respond with an overabundance of information: your bon ami Hornton.

Monsieur Crocodile speaks of him at great length, but for good reason. The Roi des Dragons possesses a magic so refined and so coveted that perhaps he could, in fact, find a way to magic you home even if the location of your homeland remains unknown.

Do let me know what you find out! You're an excellent study of the people around you.

Rook

My most successful Trickster,

It is delightful to hear that you've hit it off with Monsieur Crocodile. I find him to be an unusual delight, once one has adjusted to the incredible volume he exudes. I am quite intrigued by what you tell me of the Rois des Dragons. Could it be true that he's indeed that old? I knew, of course, but to hear a guess as educated as Monsieur Crocodile's rather takes one's breath away. The jeune fae is enamored with him, as is understandable, but I do wonder if he isn't overestimating the ability of fae royalty to bend space and time to their needs. Age does not always equal such ultimate power. N'oubliez pas such an option, but it may behoove you to keep investigating.

As for me, I must bid you adieu for now - my family's once-annual gathering is occurring over the break in our studies, so I must be away from school for the entire holiday break. Do take care of yourself, and I hope to take up this exciting endeavor with you once more when I return.

Bisous,

Rook

Merch Snapshot

PHONE WALLPAPER

HUE

BINGO

VEEVZ

EMOTE PACK

LIZZILETH

EMOTE PACK

VEEVZ

PROFILE PICTURES

TUXIA

ICONS

VIONE

STICKER ASSETS

JAMIE

Page Artists

Tuxia

tarobii
tarobii_shie

Veevz

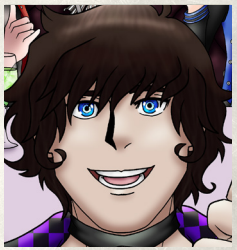
veevz-draws
veevs.draws

Liz

LizZileth

Ari

sugartealeafs

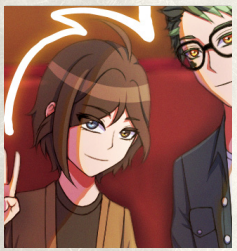


Vione

TimeSlime
TimeSlimeArts

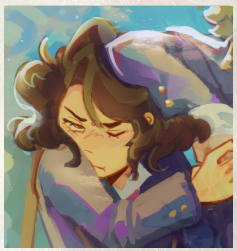
Nettles

artistnettles
snettle



Rainbow

rainbow.cheshire
rainbow-cheshire



Jamie

heartscrypt
irlcccryptid

Writers

"To Whom it May Concern"

"Prefect's Club Notes"

"The Queen's Crossword"

"You've Got a Friend in Rook"

Panda
poltergeistpanda

Kit
kityeeee

Kitty
RainebowKitty

Vic
thislittlekumquat

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Social Media / Art / Logistics

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grumpyhyu

Co-Mod

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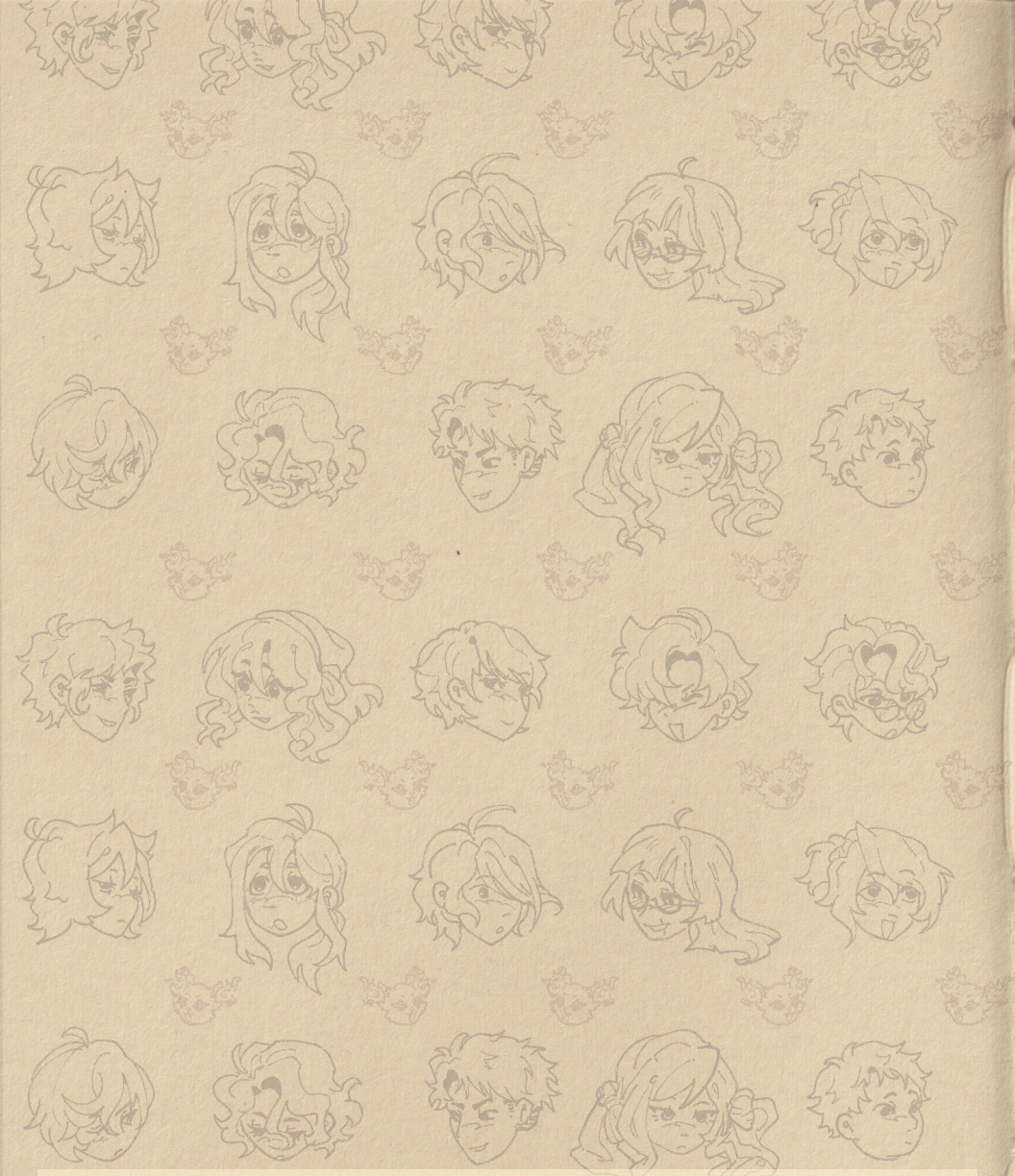
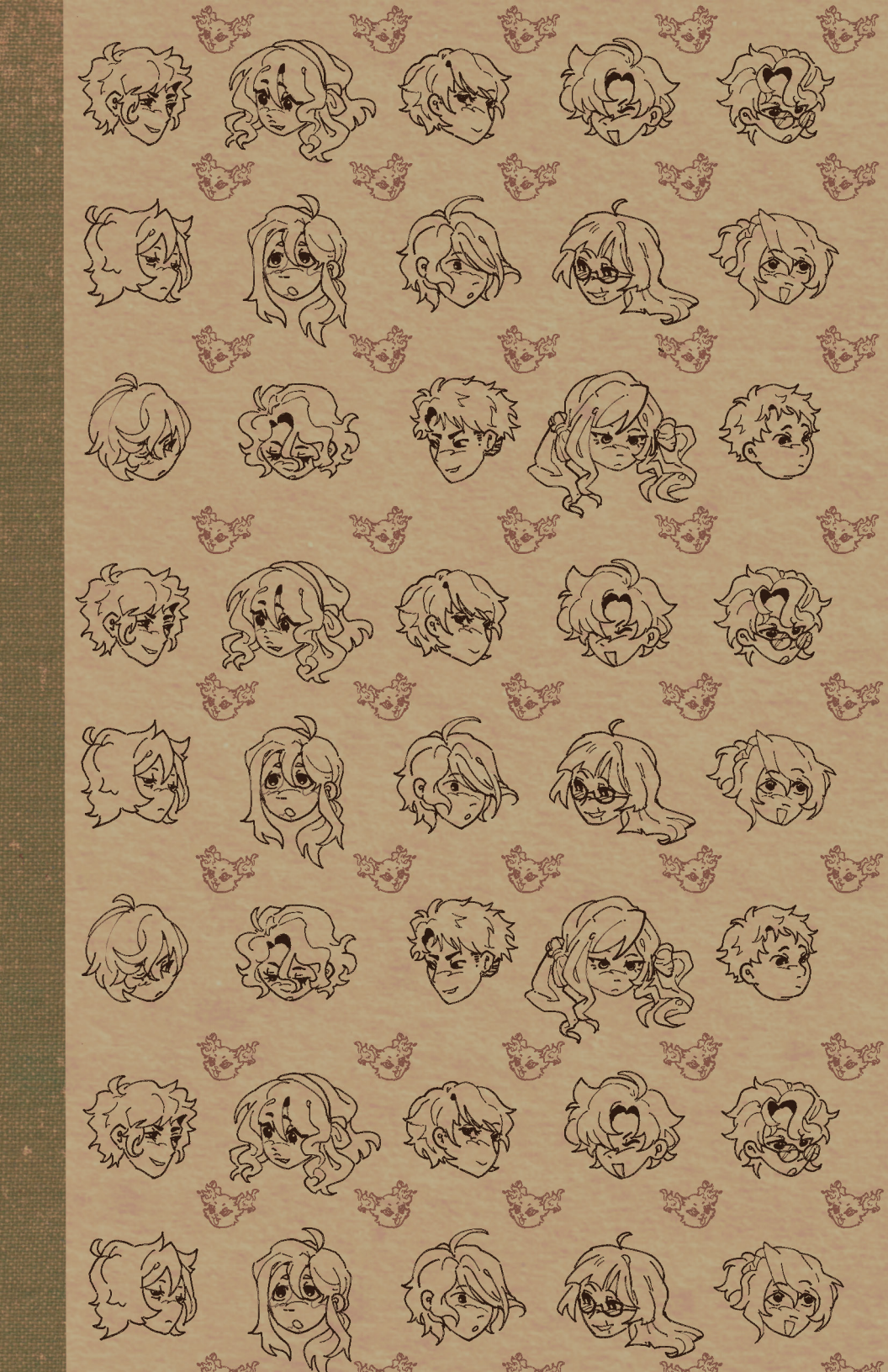
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